Wooing poore craftſmen with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to baniſh their affects with him,
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſterwench,
A brace of draymen bid God ſpeede him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thanks my countrey men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And hee our ſubiects next degree in hope.
Greene. Wel, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts,
Now for the rebels which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage muſt be made my liege,
Ere further leyſure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highneſſe loſſe.
King. VVe will our ſelfe in perſon to this war,
And for our coffers with too great a court
And liberall larges are growne ſomewhat light,
Wee are inforſt to farme our royall Realme,
The reuenew whereof ſhall furniſh vs,
For our affaires in hand if that come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall haue blanke charters,
VVhereto when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants,
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhie with newes.

Buſh. Old Iohn of Gaunt is grieuous ſicke my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte,
To intreate your Maieſtie to viſit him.
King. VVhere lies he?
Buſh. At Ely houſe.
King. Now put it (God) into the Phiſitions mind,
To helpe him to his graue immediatly:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coates
To decke our Souldiours for theſe Iriſh wars:
Come Gentlemen, lets all go viſit him,
Pray God we may make haſte and come too late,
Amen. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt ſicke, with the Duke of Yorke, &c.

Gaunt. Wil the king come that I may breathe my laſt,
In holſome counſel to his vnſtaied youth?
Yorke. Vex not your ſelf, nor ſtriue not with your breath,
For al in vaine comes counſel to his eare.
Gaunt. Oh but they ſay, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie:
Where words are ſcarce, they are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in paine:
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſtened more
Than they whom youth and eaſe haue taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends markt then their liues before:
The ſetting Sunne, and Muſike at the gloſe,
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ, in remembrance more then things long paſt,
Though Richard my liues counſel would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.
Yorke. No, it is ſtopt with other flattering ſounds,
As praiſes of whoſe ſtate the wiſe are found
Laſciuious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwaies liſten,
Report of faſhions in proude Italie,
Whoſe manners ſtil our tardie apiſh nation
Limps after in baſe immitation:
Where doth the world thruſt foorth a vanitie,
So it be new there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his eares?
Then al too late comes Counſel to bee heard,
Where wil doth mutinie with wits regard:
Direct not him whoſe way himſelfe wil chooſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.
Gaunt. Me thinks I am a prophet new inſpirde,
And thus expiring do foretel of him,
His raſh fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt:
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Smal ſhoures laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort:
He tires betimes that ſpurs too faſt betimes,